

# THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"VISITING EVERY FLOWER WITH LABOUR MEET,  
AND GATHERING ALL ITS TREASURES, SWEET BY SWEET."

VOL. I.....NEW SERIES.]

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1812.

[NO. 33.]

## ALBERTUS, OR THE INGRATE.

—  
Concluded from our last.  
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"THIS Albertus, this unworthy son of the respectable Albert, was brought up by an uncle, my most intimate friend, and cherished by him with as much affection as if he had been his own child. Oh the base viper, to sting the breast that fostered him! But I will not suffer my indignation to interrupt my tale. No expense was spared upon this miscreant's education; and externally he was a perfect gentleman; but internally a fiend—blackier than Eve's seducer—an ingrate, a monster, that ought not to be suffered to exist upon the earth! This specious villain, as a mere youth, was guilty of vices which would have put manhood to the blush; yet, to these, his too partial protector was for a length of time blind, until they became so completely glaring, that they could no longer escape his eyes. His fortune was large, and he had left the greatest part of it to this young profligate; but, upon being made acquainted with his vices and extravagances, he threatened to alter his will:—fatal threat! incautious declaration! for it doubtless was the means of shortening his days!

"A friendship had long subsisted between Albertus and a man of the name of Jackson." Herbert started at the bare sound. "What ails thee, man?" said Clements, perceiving his agitation. "Nothing; nothing, Sir; but I beseech you to proceed." "Well, a friendship then, as I observed, had taken root between these two rascals; or I should rather have said, an infernal league. Jackson, however, had intrusted him with a specific for depriving three or four little embryos of life; and the mother of one, doubtless, fell a sacrifice to their chemical art: but peace to her remains! It was not intended slaughter; and God forbid that I should accuse the wretch of unintentional crimes! One murder is enough for the conscience of any man: and that even rests upon surmise. But I have sworn—I have called my Maker to witness my decided resolution of fathoming the deed, if ever the suspected person came to England; and I only heard of his arrival late last night."

"But, my dear Sir, what grounds have you for suspicion?" inquired Herbert. "Peace man!" replied his companion, "and hear the conclusion of my tale. My poor friend, as I observed, had incautiously mentioned his resolution of making some alteration in his will, and had requested me to meet Davison, the attorney, on the following afternoon. I spent the last evening of his existence with him, and lucky it was, that it did not prove the last of my own; for Albertus mixed our punch in different goblets: his uncle (I well remember) complained that his was too strong, and desired his nephew to taste it, which he sparingly did; saying, "No, my dear Sir, it only wants a little more sugar, and it will make you sleep."

"Prophetic proved the declaration, for an unconquerable drowsiness soon overcame my friend, and as we were in habits of the greatest intimacy, he unceremoniously said he would retire. My hat and stick were eagerly brought me by Albertus, who seemed anxious to get me out of the house; and the first thing I heard on the following morning was, that Fernando had been found dead in his bed.

"I demanded to see the body, but was told by its executioner, (for in such a light I shall ever consider Albert's son) that it had been his uncle's request, during his life time, never to have his form exposed; and recollecting this circumstance, I did not press my request."

"But surely, my dear Sir, there is no substantial reason for supposing the young man accessory to his uncle's death? At least it does not strike me that the circumstances you have related have any appearance of guilt."

"Neither did they me, at the moment," replied Clements, "or I would have seen the body, in spite of ten thousand such friends. No, no, it was from some incautious words dropped by Jackson, that suspicion took its rise, and from a small paper of hellebore which was found in a drawer. God forgive me if I judge rashly, you know what a villainous character Jackson bares; yet, since he left the spot, I have had emissaries to watch his moments, who, at my instigation, have endeavoured to detect him unawares; and he once went so far as to say, Albertus dare never again return to England, for that if he did, he would be in danger of his life.

"Delicacy to the feelings of the worthy Albert has hitherto prevented me from disclosing my suspicions; but the love I bear to the memory of my deceased friend induces me to form the resolution of probing the whole transaction to the quick; and I have now been consulting my attorney, who advises me to obtain a warrant for the apprehension of Jackson, who, if my conjectures are right, will of course turn king's evidence, when every circumstance must come out."

Mr. Herbert had listened to this recital with a variety of emotions; Albert had been one of his sincerest friends: he, therefore, asked his own heart, whether he should not be guilty of an act of ingratitude, if his testimony tended to criminate his own son. But then, the crime of murder! and under such aggravated circumstances! was there not villainy in the bare idea of trying to have it concealed? The force of this thought operated so powerfully, that he related to Mr. Clements all he had heard and seen. Strong as had been that worthy man's suspicions, yet his heart trembled for the feelings of poor Albert at hearing what he considered positive proof: he intreated Herbert to accompany him to his attorney's, to whom he again repeated the same account; and after conversing some time together, Clements declared his resolution of calling upon Albertus, and hinting the suspicions to which the sudden death of his uncle had given rise, without glancing towards the suspected person, or expressing his own ideas.

Whilst this attached friend to the memory of the departed Fernando was forming this resolution, the active mind of Albertus was endeavouring to frame a plausible excuse to his father for suddenly quitting the abode of his infancy, which the moment his ideas became collected, he resolved immediately to do; he therefore summoned Duval, into his presence, informing him he must copy a letter, and then deliver it to him, pretending it came by the post; "for (said he) "I would not pass another day in this dreary mansion if any body would give me ten thousand pounds; though I must make a plausible excuse to my father for so suddenly quitting his roof."

Duval, who was a true Frenchman, had been inspired with the horrors at his first entrance into the house, and was delighted at the prospect of going to London; yet he represented the impropriety of his master's travelling after losing so much blood. Though, in obedience to the commands of his superior, he copied a letter, stating that a banking-house, in which he had lodged a large sum of money, had unexpectedly failed. Scarcely had this faithful secretary obeyed his orders, and taken his standard, as directed, in the avenue, to wait the arrival of the post, when the name of an unwelcome visitant was unceremoniously announced; and Mr. Clements, aware that he should be refused admission, followed the servant's steps so closely, that denial would have been vain.

The first letter Albertus received from his father, after his quitting England, had mentioned Clements as being at the point of death; and as his name had not been mentioned in the conversation the preceding evening, he concluded that he had long since been numbered with the dead; and had he seen the spectre of his murdered uncle appear before him, he could scarcely have been seized with a stronger emotion of surprise. Adept as he was, in the art of hypocrisy, yet he expressed the satisfaction he felt at seeing Clements in such embarrassed terms, that a mere novice in the art of penetration, would have perceived that his feelings were completely opposite to his words.

"I scarcely expected, young gentleman, (for so I must still call you," replied Clements, "ever to have seen you again in this part of the world; but your presence, I trust, will confute the inuendos throw out by that villain Jackson who boldly asserted you never dare return." As Mr. Clements said this, he fixed his scrutinizing eyes upon Albertus, whose countenance was first suffused with a glow of crimson, then as suddenly became deadly white. "Not, not dare return!" he at length faltered. "Yes; not dare return to England, Sir; do I speak plain?" "Plain, but not intelligible, Mr. Clements," replied Albertus; finding that both his honour and existence depended upon a master stroke, and therefore making a bold effort to conquer that trepidation, which, at the very moment, almost paralysed his nerves.

"Then I will speak intelligibly, if I can," rejoined Clements, "and ask whether you are acquainted with the qualities of hellebore



a stupifying drug, I have heard it is, that without exposing infamy and ingratitude, sends those whose fortunes a man is eager to acquire possession of into a quiet sleep."

"Death and damnation!" exclaimed Albert, rushing out of the apartment as he articulated the horrid words; and flying into an adjoining one, in which were placed his holsters and his travelling trunks. Clements arose no less hastily, and was in the act of pursuing the fugitive, when the sound of a pistol arrested his footsteps, and completely checked his speed. He paused, unable to move: Albert, at that instant, flew with the rapidity of lightning up stairs, and rushing into the apartment where he had left his son writing, exclaimed, in terrified accents, "Where is my boy!"

Over the scene which followed, description must draw a curtain! Futile would be all attempts to paint the horrors of a parent's mind, restored but a few hours before to the society of a son on whom he doated—yet who, from the impulse of remorse, had deprived himself of life!

#### THE LADIES TOILET.

"May their tender limbs  
Float in the loose simplicity of dress!"

(Concluded from our last.)

A man of feeling and sense will seldom, perhaps never, be captivated by the beauty of female features, but inasmuch as they express some moral quality. The feeling principle which exists within us, independent of matter, will always seek for something congenial to itself; and it seems as if human features, and their ever-varying shades, are but a medium by which a sympathetic nature wafts soul to soul. This points out to woman how much, in pleasing and captivating, external features are subservient to inward passions; how much the influence of the former depends on the proper regulation of the latter:

"Those, at first, th' unwary heart may gain,  
But these, these only, can the heart retain."

Women's faces, like polished glass, will be sullied even by the breath of zephyr. Strong unnatural passions soon darken the sweet brightness of their countenances, disorder the harmony of their fine proportions, roughen the smooth and delicate texture of their visage, and instantaneously check the attractive power of genuine beauty; whereas the friendly virtues of innocence, peace and goodness, when they dwell in their hearts, will breathe their own purity, even on the outward form of the body in which they are inclosed, expand the indifferent feature into a ray of beauty, and form those ever lovely combinations, from which spring charms ever new, graces ever sweet.

The laurels which beauty owes to the guiles of gaudy art will soon pass and decay; those it owes to the influence of sweet virtue will last as long as virtue itself. By the former, women, may, perhaps, enjoy the momentary advantage of an usurped victory; but by the latter, they will be crowned, by our affections, with the never-fading honours of a well-deserved triumph.

Oh, woman! be always good, and you will always be lovely; be more desirous of being approved by our hearts than courted by our eyes. Cultivate the advantage of a well-in-

formed mind, of an innocent and generous heart; these, more than the vain toils of art, will brighten every grace and sweeten every smile. It is these which will encircle your eyes with the radiant lustre of soothing meekness, and attune your voice to the angelic sound of sweetness. By these you become mighty, though weak; irresistible, though defenceless. By these, even amidst the gloomy winter of your age, you still keep and present our fancy with some of the lovely flowers which have adorned the spring of your youth.

#### JUSTINE.

JUSTINE was born of poor but industrious parents, enriched only with virtuous simplicity. It appeared, however, that fortune, in some degree, had smiled on her birth, since in consequence of her mother being taken to suckle a neighbour's child, whose parents were in affluent circumstances, she became foster-sister to the young Rosina.

These infants being, as it were, brought up together from the cradle, formed at the earliest period of their lives a permanent affection for each other; and to such lengths did Rosina carry her partiality, that, when the time of separation arrived, her generous and noble mind seemed insensible to every kind of amusement.

Her mother, who loved her with extreme tenderness, (having lost her husband soon after the birth of her child,) distressed at seeing her miserable, and desirous of anticipating every wish that could give her happiness, immediately gained her neighbour's consent to take their daughter entirely under her protection; saying, that she should not only reside with her, but that she meant herself to superintend their education, and they should both be her children; that of course they ought not to have any further anxiety concerning their child's future welfare, but rejoice at seeing her so happily and so amply provided for. Elated at the proposal, these honest parents the more readily consented, as, being in straitened circumstances, and finding their work decreasing daily, they were scarcely able to maintain their family. Thus did Justine, at five years of age, quit the parental roof, to reside with her young friend.

Rosina's mother being in an extensive mercantile line at Lyons, by no means deemed it a proper situation for the young folks; but giving them to the care of a well-informed female, and an old trusty domestic, she sent them to her country residence, a most beautiful spot, at about three miles distance: where, free from the unavoidable bustle and confusion of a large city, she determined on having them educated, reserving to herself the pleasing satisfaction of visiting them frequently, in order to witness the progress they made in their education.

In this delightful spot did these amiable young friends pass their time in innocent retirement and rational amusements, improving their minds, and enriching their understandings daily, by every species of elegant accomplishments.

With what pleasing emotions did Rosina's mother perceive, that as their judgment and ideas imperceptibly expanded, the tie of friendship became still stronger, and their solicitude for each other increased in the same proportion! Seldom were they tempted to go to Ly-

ous, except when attracted by the desire of seeing their parents, who could not always so conveniently visit them; so that these young folks might be said to have glided through the greatest part of their youth exempted from those fatal trials which are but too often the cause of our misfortunes: and surely the innocent and virtuous simplicity which reigned in their hearts, and had hitherto guided every action of their lives, seemed to insure them a continuance of tranquil and undisturbed serenity. But, alas! how concealed and inexplicable are the ways of heaven! Who can discern those fine and slender threads that often compose the web of our fate!

The lovely and interesting Rosina, in the bloom of youth and beauty (having just entered her eighteenth year) added to an elegant form and pleasing manners a great share of sensibility, and a soul fraught with extreme tenderness, which had too unfortunately been enervated by the reading of novels; and though she had hitherto, at times experienced only a slight and transient symptom of that baneful and fatal languor, the forerunner of strong and dangerous passions, yet was she on the brink of feeling its most direful effects.

This charming girl having, in one of her excursions to Lyons, seen an Italian youth, a few years older than herself, who had been introduced at her mother's and whose name was Serviotti—struck with his noble and manly appearance, and a countenance which bespoke wit and sensibility, the too susceptible Rosina found it impossible to regard the young stranger with a look of indifference.

(To be concluded)

#### WHIMSICAL MISAPPREHENSION.

MR. HARRIOT, in his "Struggles through Life," relates the following anecdote:—Mrs. W—, a lady resident in India, having prevailed on her husband to send home for an English footman, to wait upon her, which his interest had managed, George made his appearance while I was there. It was a custom in India, at that time, as soon as dinner was removed, for some of the palanquin bearers to bring in a large bason and ewer of water, with which they attended behind every chair; when each person putting his hands at the back, one of the men poured water on them from the ewer, while another held the bason underneath. George, who had noticed this mode for a day or two, willing to shew his attention by waiting upon his lady himself, took the ewer from the palanquin bearer, and was continuing to pour the water on his mistress's hands, notwithstanding she called out to him to desist, and speaking in Moors, as she thought to the Moorman, saying, "Bus, bus, ge." But George did not understand the Moorish tongue, and being doubtful whether it was plain English, he continued pouring, but watching a repetition of what his mistress said. The lady likewise being engaged in relating something laughable about men wearing whiskers, was not very attentive to the water pouring; but recollecting herself, she turned her face half round, saying, rather smartly, "Bus, bus, ge, I say." On which poor George, thinking he could not mistake her meaning, very sheepishly put his chin close to her shoulder, whispering, that "he would with a great deal of pleasure, if his mas-

\* "Enough, enough, you."



ter were not present." I believe no one heard besides the good lady, and she thought it too good a joke to keep to herself; therefore, as soon as she could refrain from excess of laughter, she explained the whisper, to the great entertainment of the whole company; Poor George excepted, who was obliged to retreat.

## Variety.

ONE of the Neapolitans (pity his name as well as country is not remembered) being busily employed in a field near the sea, and his wife at some distance from him, the woman was seized upon by some Moorish pirates, who came on shore to prey upon all they could find. Upon his return, not finding his wife, and perceiving a ship lay at anchor not far off, conjecturing the matter as it was, he threw himself into the sea, and swam up to the ship, when, calling to the captain, he told him, that he was come because he would follow his wife. He feared not the barbarism of the enemies of the Christian faith, nor the miseries those slaves endure, that are thrust into places where they labour at the oar—his love overcame all these.

The Moors were full of admiration at the courage of the man, for they had seen some of his countrymen rather choose death than to endure so hard a loss of their liberty, and at their return, they told the whole of this story to the king of Tunis, who, moved with the relation of so great a love, gave him and his wife their freedom, and the man was made by his command one of the soldiers of his life-guard.

PERHAPS men of the most different sects and parties very frequently think the same, only vary in their phrase and language. At least, if one examines their first principles; which very often coincide, it were a point of prudence, as well as candour, to consider the rest as nothing more.

A courtier's dependant is a beggar's dog. If national reflections are unjust, because there are good men in all nations, are not national wars upon much the same footing?

A government is inexcusable for employing foolish ministers; because they may examine a man's head, though they cannot his heart.

I fancy, the proper means of encreasing the love we bear our native country, is to reside some time in a foreign one.

The love of popularity seems little else than the love of being beloved; and is only blameable when a person aims at the affections of a people by means in appearance honest, but in their end pernicious and destructive.

There ought no doubt, to be heroes in society as well as butchers; and who knows but the necessity of butchers (inflaming and stimulating the passions with animal food) might at first occasion the necessity of heroes. Butchers, I believe, were prior.

A man of remarkable genius may afford to pass by a piece of wit, if it happen to border on abuse. A little genius is obliged to catch at every witticism indiscriminately.

Indolence is a kind of centripetal force.

It seems idle to rail at ambition merely because it is a boundless passion; or rather is not this circumstance an argument in its favour? If one would be employed or amused through life, should we not make choice of a passion that will keep one long in play?

## Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK:  
SATURDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1812.

### WEEKLY RETROSPECT.

WE have nothing new to offer this week from Europe; there being no arrival within our knowledge from that quarter since our last.

Nor have we any thing very pleasing from Niagara; indeed it appears that the army on the whole line of the frontier, have gone into winter quarters.

The failure of Gen. Smyth to attack Queenstown and Fort George, after repeatedly embarking his troops for that purpose, has caused a considerable ferment in the public mind, as well as in the army, to the no small discredit of the general. However, as no man should be condemned without a hearing, we give the substance of his reasons for the miscarriage, which simply are, That he had not men enough for the expedition, and that the army had no provisions to start with, excepting some pork, and that many of the regular troops in particular were enfeebled by sickness (the measles) and hard duty. That as the chief of his force consisted of militia and volunteers he had no other way of ascertaining his actual strength to cross with, than by making the experiments he did, which never exceeded 1500 men, which he conceived, with the advice of a majority of his principal officers, to be inadequate for the enterprise. It is also stated, that 600 of Gen. Tannehill's brigade of Pennsylvania militia, had deserted (we should presume for the want of provisions) and gone home, in 24 hours, and that a Court Martial had fined a man for desertion Twelve and a half Cents!

A letter from commodore Rodgers, to the secretary of the navy, dated at sea, Nov. 1, states that he had captured a valuable ship from the South Sea, loaded with oil, (since arrived at Norfolk) and that he had chased the British frigate Galatea, which escaped in the night.

Several other valuable prizes have been brought in to different ports since our last.

The Island which lately appeared near one of the Western islands, it is said has sunk again, leaving a shoal.

An earthquake of great severity, was experienced at Kingston and Port Royal, Jamaica, on the 10th of November. It did great damage to the public buildings, &c. but few lives were lost.

### IN COMMON COUNCIL.

NEW-YORK, Dec. 19, 1812.

In testimony of the high sense which the Common Council entertain of the gallantry, skill, and patriotism, of the Captain, Officers and Crew of the Frigate UNITED STATES, in the capture of the British Frigate MACEDONIAN, an event which has added new laurels to the triumphs of American heroism, and which is all-important to the great commercial interests of the Union in its practical illustration of the utility and its enforcement of the necessity of a navy—

RESOLVED, that the freedom of the city in a gold box be presented to COMMODORE DECATUR, and that his portrait be procured and set up in the gallery of portraits belonging to the city; and that the thanks of the common council be presented to his officers and crew who were concerned in this brilliant achievement, and as an additional testimony of respect to the naval officers who have on this as well as two other occasions, vindicated the honor of our country—

RESOLVED, that Aldermen Fish, and Wendover, and Mr. Lawrence, be a committee to make suitable arrangements in concurrence with our fellow-citizens, for a public dinner to Commodore DECATUR, Captains HULL and JONES, and their officers.

RESOLVED, that on the arrival of the frigate United States and her prize in this port, the national flag be displayed on the city-hall; that brig. gen. Morton be requested to cause a national salute to be fired by a detachment of his brigade; that the vessels in the harbor hoist their colors mast high; and that all the bells in the city be rung for one hour on the occasion.

RESOLVED, that this board will, with the concurrence of Commodore Decatur, give to the crew of the frigate United States, a dinner on board the ship, and that aldermen Vanderbilt and Buckmaster, and Mr. King, be a committee to carry the same into effect.

RESOLVED, that it be recommended to the citizens to refrain from illuminating their houses on this occa-

sion—the common council considering it a practice dangerous in occasioning fires, uselessly expensive to the poor, and calculated to produce disorder.

Extract from the minutes.

J. MORTON, Clerk.

FROM THE AMERICAN DAILY ADVERTISER.  
COLUMBIA VICTORIOUS.

Tune—"To Anacreon in Heaven."

To the Court of old Neptune, the God of the Sea;  
The sons of Columbia sent a petition,  
That he their protector, and patron would be;  
When this answer arriv'd; free from terms or condition.

Repair to the sea;  
You conquerers shall be;

And proclaim to the world, that Columbia is free!  
Beside, my proud Trident DECATUR shall bear,  
And the Laurels of vict'ry triumphantly wear!

The Tritons arose from their watery bed;  
And sounded their Trumpets; Æolus attend;  
Who summon'd his Zephyrs, and to them he said,  
Old Neptune Columbia's cause has befriended.

As the world you explore,

And revisit each shore,

To all nations proclaim the glad sound evermore,  
That DECATUR old Neptune's proud Trident shall bear,

And the Laurels of vict'ry triumphantly wear!

The Naiads, in chariots of coral so bright,  
Skim'd swiftly the wide liquid plane, quite enchanted;  
Soon the proud Macedonian, gladden'd their sight,  
And DECATUR advancing, with courage undaunted!

They saw with a smile,

The fast anchor'd Isle,

Resigning the Laurels, obtain'd at the Nile!  
And when Victory crown'd brave Columbia's cause,  
The Trumpet of Fame shook the world with applause!

Dame Amphitrite flew to the Archives above,  
To see the great mandate of Neptune recorded,  
When tracing the records of Libyan Jove,  
To find where renown to brave deeds was awarded,

There WASHINGTON'S name;

Recorded by Fame;

Resplendent as light, to her view quickly came!  
In raptures she cries here DECATUR I'll place,  
On the page, which the deeds of brave WASHINGTON grace!

Now charge all your glasses with sparkling wine,  
And toast our brave Tars, that so bravely defend us;  
While our naval Commanders so nobly combine,  
We defy all the ills haughty foes e'er can send us!

While our Goblets do flow;

The praises we owe,

To Valour and Skill, we will gladly bestow,  
And may grateful the sons of Columbia be!  
To DECATUR, whom Neptune crowns Lord of the Sea!

J. R. CALVERT.

## Nuptial.

### MARRIED,

On Wednesday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Milledoller, Joseph Cheesman, merchant, to the amiable Miss Maria Mitchell, daughter of James Mitchell, Esq. all of this city.

By the Rev. John Williams, Mr. Abraham Hyer, to Miss Martha Hatchelor, both of this city.

By the Rev. Samuel Miller, Mr. Gardiner G. Howland, to Miss Louisa Edgar, daughter of Wm. Edgar, Esq.

By the Rev. J. Williams, Capt. Alexander Robinson, to Miss Hetty Patten, both of this city.

By the Rev. A. M'Clay, Mr. Moore Lee, merchant, to Miss Martha Tylee, daughter of James Tylee, Esq. both of this city.

At Allentown, (Penn.) Mr. John J. Krause, to Miss Catharine Steinicke.

## Obituary.

### DIED,

Of a lingering illness, Mr. Allen Galbrath, aged 50. After a lingering illness, the Hon. Jeremiah Brush, Esq. late judge of the county of Suffolk, L. I.

The City Inspector reports the death of 49 persons, from the 28th day of Nov. to the 5th day of Dec.



## Seat of the Muses.

"How have I caught, with exquisite delight,  
The varied sounds that struck my ravish'd ears!  
And o'er the landscape, fainting on the sight,  
Cast a wide glance, and melted into tears."

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

REFLECTIONS  
ON READING AN ACCOUNT OF  
FASHIONABLE MANNERS.

AH Myra hear, with dread and fear,  
These manners of the Gay;  
Who fashion seek, nor ever keep,  
In wisdom's peaceful way.

Their days they waste, nor ever taste,  
Those home-born heart-felt joys;  
The bosoms glow, those only know,  
Who seek not folly's toys.

Deceptions hide, on every side,  
'Neath truth's celestial form;  
Your virtue's foe, you might not know,  
Till peace was from you torn.

With trifles still, their minds they fill,  
By dissipation led;  
Religion meek, they never seek,  
And study ever dread.

Since this we know, let's never go,  
Where pleasures tempting lead,  
Nor will we roam, from our lov'd home  
Where we may think and read.

But every hour, we'll bless that power,  
Who cast our humble lot;  
Who gave not wealth, but blest with health,  
With love and peace our cot.

M. A. W.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

FROM A PAINTER TO A LADY.

SHOULD we my Delia gently stray,  
Through spreading lawn, or shady grove,  
While softly to beguile the way,  
I chaunt the song, or tale of love;  
What time the winter's blast recedes,  
And nature ope's her sylvan store,  
When lilies crown the verdant meads,  
And roses deck the rural bower.

Perchance beside a limpid stream,  
Some beauteous flower should meet thine eye,  
Worthy to be the Poet's theme,  
Or with thy blushing cheek to vie.  
"Could nature form such charms as these,  
"The victims of an early doom;  
"O! haste," you cry, "the pencil seize,  
"And give its sweets perennial bloom."

Yes, lovely maid, these charms so fair,  
Shall quickly on my tablet shine;  
I'll fix its transient beauties there,  
And make the glowing picture thine.  
But lest the bloom of youth should fade,  
Or fatal accident destroy,  
First let thy beauty, charming maid,  
The efforts of my art employ.

Thy face presents the fairest form,  
With nature's brightest hues combin'd;  
Thine eyes which might a stoic warm,  
Speak the perfections of thy mind;  
Th' expression fine, and shape, and air,  
Which move to ecstasy the heart,  
These first demand the Painter's care—  
The happiest subjects of our art.

'Tis true the rose must quickly fade,  
Yet nature will its bloom restore;  
But ah! thy beauty dearest maid,  
Once faded, can return no more:  
No more shall the returning bloom  
Of Flora, all her graces bring,  
To paint thy cheek, thine eye relume,  
"Life's autumn has no second spring."

ELADIT.

## Morality.

A PORTRAIT OF MANKIND

VANITY bids all her sons to be generous and brave—and her daughters to be chaste and courteous. But why do we want her instruction?—Ask the comedian, who is taught a part he feels not.

Is it that the principles of religion want strength, or that the real passion for what is good and worthy will not carry us high enough? God! thou knowest they carry us too high—we want not to be—but to seem.

Look out of your door—take notice of that man; see what disquieting, intriguing, and shifting, he is content to go through mealy to be thought a man of plain dealing:—three grains of honesty would save him all this trouble:—alas! he has them not.

Behold a second, under a shew of piety, hiding the impurities of a debauched life; he is just entering the house of God:—would he were more pure, or less pious! but then he could not gain his point.

Observe a third going almost in the same tract, with what an inflexible sanctity of deportment he sustains himself as he advances! every line in his face writes abstinence, every stride looks like a check upon his desires: see, I beseech you, how he is cloaked up with sermons, prayers, and sacraments, and so bemuffled with the externals of religion, that he has not a hand to spare for a worldly purpose! he has armour at least—why does he put it on? Is there no serving God without all this? Must the garb of religion be extended so wide to the danger of its rending? Yes, truly, or it will not hide the secret—and, what is that?—That the saint has no religion at all.

But here comes generosity; giving—not to a decayed artist, but to the arts and sciences themselves.—See, he builds not a chamber in the wall apart for the prophets; but whole schools and colleges for those who come after, Lord! how they will magnify his name!—'tis in capitals already; the first, the highest, in the gilded rentroll of every hospital and asylum.

One honest tear shed in private over the unfortunate is worth it all; what a problematic set of wretches does dissimulation make us; who would divine that all the anxiety and concern so visible in the airs of one half of that great assembly should arise from nothing else, but that the other half of it may think them to be men of consequence, penetration, parts, and conduct?—What a noise amongst the claimants about it! Behold humility, out of mere pride—and honesty, almost out of knavery; chastity, never once in harm's way; and courage, like a Spanish soldier upon an Italian stage—a bladder full of wind.—Hark! that, the sound of that trumpet—let not my soldier run—'tis some good Christian giving alms. O pity, thou gentlest of human passions! soft and tender are thy notes, and ill accord they with so loud an instrument. STERNE.

CEREMONY

Must be considered only as the decoration, not the business of life. Those who devote themselves entirely to it, are seldom fit for any more than the honors of a ball, or a place at a lady's visiting day. I love to see ceremony in its proper place; and to blend affection with it, is always disgusting. G.

## Anecdote.

ONE of the clergy of the celebrated Fenelon, Archbishop of Cambray, congratulating himself, in Fenelon's presence, for having effected the abolition of the custom of the peasants, to dance on Sundays and prayer-days, Mr. Fenelon replied, "Mr. Rector, let us refrain from dancing; but let us permit these poor people to dance—Why should we prevent them from forgetting for a moment the extent of their griefs."

The name of Fenelon was venerated throughout Europe, and even the enemies of his country felt themselves compelled to respect him. Eugene and Marlborough, who at that time were desolating France, were anxious to shew him that reverence which victory and heroism most willingly grant to peaceful talents and the unarmed virtues. Detachments were ordered to guard his estates, and his grain was escorted to the gates of Cambray. All that belonged to him was considered as sacred. Nay, more than once the Archbishop Fenelon was seen with an escort of Austrian hussars, who considered it as a distinction to be permitted to conduct him.

His life, which did not exceed the ordinary term of the days of man, as it did not extend beyond sixty years, experienced the sorrow which is reserved for length of days. He lived to see all those die whom he most loved.—He wept at the death of Beauvilliers and Chevreuse; and it need not be added with what grief he deplored the fate of the Duke of Burgundy, that object of his paternal affections, and who in the course of nature, should have long survived him. He soon followed his royal disciple. A violent and painful disease carried him off in six days.—He suffered with constancy, and died with the tranquility of a pure heart, who sees nothing in death, but the instant when virtues draws nigh to the Supreme Being whose work he was. His last words were expressions of respect and love for the King who had disgraced him, and for the church which had condemned him.

FREDERICK THE GREAT.

A CORPORAL of the life-guards of Frederick the Great, who had a great deal of vanity, but at the same time, was a brave fellow, wore a watch chain, to which he affixed a musket-bullet, instead of a watch, which he was unable to buy. The King being inclined one day to rally him, said, "A propos, corporal, you must have been very frugal to buy a watch; it is six o'clock by mine: tell me what it is by yours?" The soldier, who guessed the King's intention, instantly drew the bullet from his fob, and said, "Sire, my watch neither marks five nor six o'clock; but it tells me every moment that it is my duty to die for your Majesty."—"Here, my friend," said the King, quite affected, "take this watch that you may tell the time of day also." And gave him his watch, which was adorned with brilliants.

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